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The EXAMINER.

From Monday December 28, to Friday January 1, 1713.

Optimus quiſque Gloriâ ducitur. Cicero.

IT had been happy for Mankind, and in particular for *Great Britain*, if thoſe Men, whoſe Praiſes ſeem'd to be rather the Perquiſites of their Places, than the juſt Demands of perſonal Merit, had taken care to keep up and preſerve the *Pagan Hero*, whoſe Character they were ſo fond of, the moment they laid aſide, or at leaſt thought fit to wave, the Character of the *Chriſtian*. The Proſpect of Glory, and a poſthumous Reputation, riſes, no doubt, above all other Intereſts and Engagements in this Life, and will carry a Man to a very exalted Pitch of Virtue. I am aſham'd to think of the great Scarcity of bright Examples in this kind, under a *Religious Scheme*, that affords us a Proſpect of Glory, ſo much more certain, lively, and durable. Perhaps there never was a higher Strain of Banter, than to hear theſe pretended Patriots, by the Mouth of their Clients and Under-writers, proclaiming to the World the Reaſon of this Difference; and accounting for their own Excellencies at the Expence of Religion, which they repreſented as a ſlaviſh, ſoure, narrow, ſelfiſh Plan, and made a Merit of their Indifference and Coldneſs to its Intereſts, complying with it only out of reſpect to their Anceſtors, and in Complaiſance to the Majority, or becauſe it was the Cuſtom of the Country; whilſt they were really actuated by nobler Principles, by free generous *Nature*; their Honour govern'd the Preſent Life and not Fear of Another, and their Virtues were of the *Greek* and *Roman* Stamp, and not the Dictates of Prieſts or Servile Effects of Superſtition. So groſs a Cheat might have paſs'd glibly, and the Fallacy not been worth detecting, if their Country had taſted the bleſſed Fruits of this boaſted *Philoſophy:* But what Pains did their Flatterers take to gloſs and diſguiſe their Actions, ſo as that the World ſhould never find the palpable wide Difference between the *Written Character* and the *Real Perſon?* Their Praiſes were as often repeated, as their Oppreſſions: They were cry'd up for ſuch violent *Heroes*, Men of ſuch irreſiſtible Virtues, that we were almoſt perſuaded to think it worth our while to be Undone for them. Things had been carried almoſt to the Old *Dilemma*, and *They were all Beauty* or *We all Blindneſs*. We ſaw, and felt, and taſted of all the publick Vices, that could poſſibly Infeſt a Country; and yet ſo long as the *Bonfire* laſted, the *Bells* rung, and the *Songs* and *Ballads* flew about, all was well: Deluſion is ſtronger than Senſe, and Amuſement diverts the moſt raging Pains. There were, it ſeems, but Two ways in Nature for us to become Miſerable, and there could be no other Wretches upon Earth, but *Papiſts* and *Jacobites*. What Mortal durſt Queſtion, Whether true Glory were not the Ultimate End of theſe Mens Actions, when all, both *Foreigners* and *Domeſticks*, who went Sharers in the Plunder of *Great Britain*, openly proclaim'd it, and gave it under their Hands, in the moſt ſolemn Authentick manner. In truth, their Behaviour ſince their Diſmiſſion, is a full Proof of their Heroick Virtues, and Thirſt of Glory. *Scipio*, *Atticus*, *Camillus*, *Epaminondas*, and many others among the Antients, behaved themſelves, in their Retirements and Abſence from publick Buſineſs, with juſt the ſame Evenneſs of Temper, and Reſignation to the Will of the State.

But the higheſt Strains of inexhauſtible *Banter* are loſt and jaded under ſuch Subjects, and in ſo large a Field of Matter. There ſeem to be Two grand Miſtakes, which quite ſpoil'd the Pretenſions of theſe Moderns to the antiquated Virtues of *Greece* and *Rome*, and led them far aſtray out of that bright Track of Glory, which had been mark'd with the Footſteps of ſo many Heroes. One was, that Honour and Applauſe are inſeparable from Wealth and Power; at leaſt as much Applauſe, as will ſerve to bear down all the feeble Efforts of Envy, Party-Malice and Diſguſt. The Other was, that under the Pretence of encouraging *Letters*, they ſhould always be able to keep a Sett of Writers in Pay, who would clear up their Characters to the World, put a fair Conſtruction upon their worſt Actions, and a good Colour upon the blackeſt Name and Reputation. Both theſe Notions received a great deal of Advantage, and look'd more like good Management, becauſe of that ſtrange Ferment between the two Parties, which they had induſtriouſly work'd up for that very purpoſe. For *Faction* covers both *Knave* and *Fool*, makes the worſt of Men neceſſary, and gives out Indulgences for all Sorts of Political Sins and Iniquities. Whoever will carefully peruſe the *Addreſſes*, *Dedications*, *Epiſtles*, *Inſcriptions*, and the whole Maſs of *Panegyrick*, both in *Verſe* and *Proſe*, which the Maſters of their Mint coin'd out into Honorary Medals, and ſtamp'd them with the Image of their *Heroes* and *Patriots*, will there find ſuch a Rhapſody of Falſhoods and Abſurdities, ſuch a Profanation of the Sacred Names of *Greece* and *Rome*, ſuch Violence committed upon all the *Moral Virtues*, ſo many Fables and Legends, ſo much Inconſiſtency and open Defiance to all Fact and Truth, as would almoſt tempt them to believe, that we were at leaſt turning *Papiſts* in Politicks, and that *Fame* was as current a Commodity here, as *Wind* in *Lapland*. *Romance* ſeem'd to be made for the *Living*, and *Hiſtory* for the *Dead*. *Fiction* was more the Baſis and Ground-work of *Dedications*, than *Poetry*. All the Cardinal Virtues were publickly expoſed to Sale. I have ſeen whole *Periods* and *Paragraphs* in Addreſſes of this Kind, which the *Ordinary Dealers* and *Sworn Appraiſers* could tell how to Rate and Value, to a very great Nicety; making the uſual Allowances for their being Second-hand Goods, or entirely New. *Juſtice* was ſet up, at the ſame Price, and with the common *Fees* which ſhe expects in our *Courts*; and it was very well if a *Bribe* were not paid down into the Bargain. *Temperance* coſt more than her Oppoſite, *Luxury*. *Modeſty*, which was generally the *Concluding Virtue*, and when an Author's Stock run low, or was utterly exhauſted, ſerved as a Reaſon for his ſaying no more, and breaking off abruptly, ſtood a *Lord* in as many *Guineas* to get it, as a *Lady* would demand, who is inclined to part with it. And when the whole *Moral Syſtem* was drain'd, they had *New Virtues* of their own Inventing, to make up the Sum: Such as *Moderation*, *good Humour*, *Exceſs* of *Honour* and *Generoſity*; which were diſpos'd of at reaſonable Rates; and when theſe two fail'd, they fell downright in Love with their Patrons, jumbled *Morals* and *Amours* together, and from the *Virtues* ran very ſmoothly in among the *Vices*, proteſting and vowing, in the Face of the World, that even the Faults of their *Heroes* were Taking, and there was a ſecret Grace in all their Foibles and Infirmities; which, tho' the Vulgar, the *Canaille* could neither ſee nor taſt it, it was plainly diſcernible to Men of Spirit and Genius. Their Trade by Wholeſale was as good as that by Retail; and when they drew a *Whole Length* from Antiquity, they expected to be as well paid for it, as when they gave it out Piece-meal and in Parcels.

Solon, a *Caſar*, a *Cato*, a *Phocion*, or an *Ariſtides*, coſt as much in Diſguiſe, and by being drawn unlike for the ſake of the Moderns, as when Painted to the Life by the Pencil of *Raphael* and *Titian*, or the Pen of *Plutarch* and *Nepos*. It is impoſſible to think, how much the Antients ſuffer'd by this Compariſon. This *Tranſmigration*, of the *Old Heroes* into the *New*, is the *Pagan Purgatory*; and we have now our *Heathen Martyrs*, as well as our *Chriſtian*. I wiſh the *Hiſtoriographer* of *St. Wenefrede*, or ſome other able Maſter in that way, would oblige the World with a faithful Account of the Sufferings of the *Primitive Heroes* on this Occaſion. Would it not move a Heart of Oak, to ſee *Socrates* tempted to Blaſpheme, *Phocion* torn to pieces by a Kennel of *Dunns*, and *Cicero* deliver'd over to the *Surgeons*, and labouring under the inexpreſſible Tortures of a *Salivation?* I intend ſhortly to publiſh a *Dialogue* between *Greece*, *Rome*, and *Great Britain*, in which all the Wrongs of this Kind, which the two former have ſuffer'd from the latter, ſhall be fully ſet forth, and a fair Method propos'd, in order to a full Satisfaction to the injur'd Parties. I can but think, what a Surprize of Expectation the Town would be in, if a *Play-Bill* were to come out, in which the *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ* were to ſtand in the following Order.

MEN.

Caſar,	By	*Her Gra——*
Cato,		*His G . . . .*
Atticus,		*Lord* S . . . .
Phocion,		*Mr.* L . . . .
Epaminondas,		*Mr.* S-+-+-+-
Mæcenas,		*Lord* H . . . .
Ariſtides,		*Lord* W-+-+-+-
Cicero,		*Will Bigamy.*

WOMEN.

Calphurnia,	By	*D. of . . . .*
Porcia,		*Lady* W-+-+-+-
Penelope,		*Coll.* Br. . . . .

Poets, News-Writers, Hawkers, Meſſengers, Clerks, Secretaries, Serjeants at Arms, Heralds, Cryers, Porters, Drawers, Footmen, and other Attendants.

SCENE *St. Ja——s's.* The *Time* equal to that of the *Repreſentation.*

There is no manner of Doubt, but by the Help of *Tire-women*, *Valets*, *falſe Lights*, *Antick Habits*, *Scenes*, *Decorations*, a *good Prompter* and a *kind Audience*, the ſeveral *Actors* in this Liſt might be brought to *Play* over the *Parts* aſſign'd them, with a tolerable Grace, and divert at leaſt thoſe Spectators, whoſe Taſte was too delicate for *Greek* or *Latin*; but after the Deluſion was over, the *Curtain* let down, the *Players* undreſs'd, and reſtor'd to their own proper Perſons, one would no more call them by their *borrow'd Names*, or pretend to know them by their *aſſum'd Characters*, than one would make a Viſit to *Cleopatra* in *Vinegar-yard*, appoint *Diana* to meet in *Spring-garden*, or expect to find *Alexander the Great* at *Daniel King's*, over a *Sneaker of Punch.*

Perhaps there is not a more flagrant Corruption, than this infamous Cuſtom of carrying Panegyricks to Market, ſelling of Praiſe, and bartering for a Reputation. Mankind ſuffers very much by this Trade of Glory; which is of dangerous Conſequence to the Publick. It inverts the nobleſt Order of Beings, makes *Good*, *Evil*; and *Evil*, *Good*. Stoln Praiſes, like ſtoln Goods, involve both *Thief* and *Receiver* in an equal Share of Guilt. Men care not, to be at the Pains of working out a Reputation for themſelves, when they can buy it ready-made at the Shops. This Principle Levels the Villain with the Hero, the Traitor with the Patriot, and the Subverter with the Deliverer of his Country. It diſſolves the whole *moral Syſtem*, and takes away the main Support of Virtue. It is a Branch of the Old Heathen *Demonology*, and makes *Gods* out of *Stocks*, *Stones*, and *Devils*. Hence it comes to paſs, that *written Glory*, which was formerly the undoubted Property of Goodneſs, is now become common Plunder, an empty Ceremonial, and mere Matter of Form; like the Pedantry of calling over a *Patron's Titles at full Length*, or the *Records* in an *Office* of *Heraldry*. *Panegyrick*, *Declamation* and *Eulogy*, are valu'd only for the fineneſs of the Work, and not for the Fitneſs or Application. *Oratory* is become more *Fabulous* than *Poetry*; and *Dedications*, once the moſt *Sacred Part* of the Work, are now no more minded, than the Garniture and Flouriſhes of the *Book-binder*. There are ſeveral great *Antients*, whoſe Characters are preſerv'd and brought down to us by no other Records, but the Praiſes of their *Contemporaries:* Among theſe are *Gallus*, *Varus*, *Macer* and *Mæcenas*. Should the Poſterity of ſome of the Moderns proceed by the ſame Rule, they would, with reſpect to the Characters of their Forefathers, be more profoundly Ignorant, than the darkeſt Age that ever went before them.

For theſe Reaſons it is, that I deteſt the Name of *Mercenary Flatterer*, more than any that ever was given me. Were I conſcious of deſerving it in the leaſt Degree, I ſhould heap Reproaches upon my ſelf, almoſt equal in number to the Calumnies, with which *Faction* hath Honour'd me. It is a ſtale Iniquity among the *Whigs* to charge an Ill-name upon Others, which is become familiar to Them by Practice and irretreivable Habit. Where they cannot conceal or defend a Crime, they would loſe it in the Pretence of its being Common, and claim the Benefit of a reciprocal Excuſe. They give out, that the Infection is general, and when they are fallen themſelves, attempt to write down others to their own Level. Hence *Writing upon Politicks* has contracted an incurable *Odium* with ſeveral Perſons of great Worth and good Judgment. Thus in the Time of the *late Rebellion*, and afterwards in the *Reign* of King *Charles* II, they threw the Preſs into ſuch foul Hands, aed diſperſed ſo much vile Ribaldry and Nonſenſe in their *Papers*, that they hoped the Art of Detecting them would grow Scandalous, and that Men of *Genius* and *Liberal Educations* would give them more frequent Opportunities of doing Miſchief, by Deſpiſing and Overlooking their Iniquities in Print. But this Objection did not hinder *L'Eſtrange*, *Titus*, and *Berkenhead*, from appearing in behalf of a weak prejudic'd Majority, and turning Advocates for the Government, in a Conteſt, where Victory was no great Honour. *Savages* may over-run us, as well as *Regular Foes*. If the *Examiner* has at leaſt imitated their Deſign, and been as ſucceſsful, becauſe he has yet a more contemptible Enemy to deal with, this laſt Conſideration ought by no means to detract from the *Dignity* of this Paper.

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*** A PREFACE to the Biſhop of Sarum's Introduction to the Third Volume of the Hiſtory of the Reformation of the Church of England. By Gregory Miſoſarum. Price 6 d. Alſo, The Third Edition of Part of the Seventh Epiſtle of the Firſt Book of Horace imitated. And a Letter to the DISSENTERS. Price 6d. All Printed for John Morphew, near Stationers Hall.

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